

THE MORNING NEWS

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LOCKE WILL BRING IN IMMIGRANTS

Robert O. Locke has an abiding faith in Mountainair and Estancia Valley. On two occasions, for reasons that seemed to warrant a temporary change of residence Mr. Locke absented himself from our midst, each time returning with renewed confidence in the Chautauqua City. Like others who have gone away and found that our soil and invigorating breezes are priceless and incomparable, Mr. Locke not only considers life and its opportunities more promising here than elsewhere, but has become an active and zealous advocate of this section for pleasant homes and big crops, admitting in the mean time that both time and money are required to firmly establish oneself with the comforts and conveniences of modern life any where, and believing these things Mr. Locke is associating himself with bureaus of information throughout the central western states for the purpose of joining in a general home-hunting movement now organizing in the state of Illinois for the benefit of wealthy farmers who want to migrate to Estancia Valley and acquire large estates in one of the most healthful and salubrious localities in the west. There is more than passing significance to the movement when it is recalled that similar co-operation results nearly every year in entirely settling large areas of land with a single movement of these farmer immigrant excursions. An agent of the Illinois branch of the association made an inspection of this section a month ago. He was pleased with the country and bought some land, Clem Shaffer's farm near Mountainair included, and has Mountainair listed as an objective point for an excursion of homeseekers in the near future. Mr. Locke is a practical business man, inclined as we all know, to a conservative rather than an imaginary view of conditions. In discussing the proposed immigration of large numbers of eastern farmers to Estancia Valley this summer Mr. Locke stated that he was in thorough sympathy with the movement and had established headquarters in the Hoshor building, where he could be seen by persons wishing to list lands for sale, stating that such persons must remember that no lands would be listed at too great a price and that once listed with the agency the prices specified should remain as agreed upon—an option, in short—as prospective purchasers do not care to consider propositions and have prices changed.—Mountainair Messenger.

FOR SALE—Jersey cows, J. A. Sweetney, 5 miles west of McIntosh on mail route. 24-1tp



CAMPING IN THE MOUNTAINS

During the summer months one of the pleasures of the residents of the Estancia Valley is a trip to the mountains, camping "in the shadow of the pines. The historic Apple Trees and the "torreon," the wonderful spring and immense lake at Manzano; the ruins of La Cuara at Punta de Agua and a climb to the summit of Mt. Bosque are some of the interesting places within short drives of Estancia. Come to the Land of Sunshine and enjoy Life.

DIRECT VOTE ON SENATORS

Washington, June 12.—The senate tonight by 64 to 24 passed the resolution to provide for election of senators by direct popular vote. The Bristow amendment giving to the federal government supervision of such elections was adopted 44 to 44, the vice president casting the deciding ballot. The house has already passed the resolution.

Senator Reed of Missouri protested against the vice president casting his deciding vote. An amendment by Senator Bacon in qualifying the Bristow amendment to prohibit federal supervision of elections unless the state legislature refused or failed to act was defeated 46 to 43. The resolution as amended was then finally adopted, 64 to 24.

Lyceum for Estancia

V. J. Rose was in Estancia yesterday arranging for the bringing in of a Lyceum Course during the coming winter. Mr. Rose represents the J. S. White Lyceum Bureau of Kansas City, and has booked over a hundred towns and cities on the course, including the principal places in New Mexico. The course consists of five entertainments which include one lecture, one humorist, male quartet, ladies trio, and lady reader.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the accommodation of the hundreds of visitors whom we will have during Chautauqua. Inquiries are daily arriving for quarters and localities for tents. Let them come. We have the space and expedients to provide for a multitude.—Mountainair Messenger.

COMPETENT TO CHOOSE BUT NOT REGALL

"The California Outlook" is the name of a bright Los Angeles publication which has done big service in the victorious march of the progress in that state. Here is one of the Outlook's editorials. The farmer said to his son: "You may go to the fair and pick out a half dozen horses for our use. Get the best you can for the money."

"Am I competent for this job, do you think?" asked the son, doubtfully. "It is not easy. Remember, I am taking these animals almost unsight, unseen." "You are as competent as anybody," answered the farmer, "Besides you must learn the business. Of course, we must take some chances."

So the youth brought home the horses and the farmer said they looked good to him.

At the end of six months the son said to his father: "I have been using these horses every day, and my mind is now made up. Five of them are excellent, but one is no good at all. He balks and soldiers and kicks things to pieces. We must get rid of him."

But the farmer said: "I am surprised at your gall in offering an opinion on such a subject. Are you competent to decide an important matter of that kind?"

"Well for the love of Mike!" exclaimed his son. "I was competent to buy the horses, unsight, unseen, wasn't I; and am I not competent now, after I have watched them working for six months, to decide what ones are no good?" "Certainly not," said the farmer, "that is different."

Then the son went around behind the barn, kicked himself three times and said softly: "My father is a chump"—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

Rain Settled Dust Here

The shower which fell yesterday morning, while not a heavy downpour was welcomed by all. Certainly more would have been appreciated, but we are thankful for small favors. Southeast and northwest the rain is reported quite a bit heavier, the water having stood in the roads. Mail driver Wood reports a splendid rain near Tajique. The showers will all help out. Let 'em come.

Beaty Delivered the Goods

Quite a large crowd was most pleasantly entertained last night at the Krick building by Beaty's Moving Pictures, in spite of the threatening weather. The people were well repaid as the program was both interesting and laughable. Mr. Beaty has made good both nights he has shown here, and is assured a good crowd, whenever he cares to fix a return date. He has maintained the best of order, his pictures are all clean and good, and his jolly good nature makes friends with everyone he meets. His show merits patronage and he gets it.

Mayor and Mrs. Stubblefield and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Travis were out celebrating last night. They must have had a grand old time for when last seen by a Herald representative they were perched on a bar in one of the buildings of Estancia. Oh. Horrors!—Daily Herald.

What was the Herald representative doing in one of the buildings of Estancia where there was a bar, that he happened to see them there?

That Flag of Ours

(Saturday evening in the fire which destroyed the Missouri building at the World's fair, a United States flag floated for a long time over the west portico, surrounded by flames. When it finally burned loose and came safely to the ground, the crowd cheered loudly. —Globe-Democrat)

Did you see it, that flag of ours,
While the smoke and flames rolled high,

The Stars and Stripes in their glory,
Wide flung on the evening sky?

It was lashed by the leaping water,
It was linked by the angry flame,
But over the wreck and tumult
The proud flag waved the same.

The smoke clouds wrapped and hid it,
But their clothing arms were vain;
The water drenched and wrung it,
But it rose to the breeze again.

It was doomed by the law of reason
To a grave in the pit below,
And the thousands, watching, knew it,
And prayed that it might not go.

And when the envious fire
Leaped up to its halyard slight,
A murmur of grief and sorrow
Arose at the shameful sight.

But ah! what a storm of cheering,
When burnt from its hold at last,
The loyal breezes caught it,
And high from the flame upcast,

It floated above the smoke clouds
And the blazing wreck below,
And drifted to earth beyond them
As softly as falling snow.

Would you doubt that people love it?
They would rather that flag went free
Than all the wealth of the splendid
rooms

Consumed by the fiery sea!

Aud as that flag flew proudly
Above disaster's tombs,
It has flown and will fly forever,
Till the sound of the trump of doom.

A symbol of life and courage,
A beacon in storm and strife:
A pride of the land that loves it,
A guide to the noble life.

—Joseph Mills Hanson.

Luxurious Bath Robe.
A new electrically heated bath or lounging robe has woven into the fabric 7,000 feet of specially constructed wire to distribute current taken from a lamp socket without danger of shock or fire.